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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *December* the 13th, 1753.

Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi cauſa videndi? VIRG.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THOUGH I am a conſtant inhabitant of this town, which is daily producing ſome new improvement in the polite and elegant arts, in which I intereſt myſelf, perhaps, to a degree of enthuſiaſm, and have always a thouſand reaſons for not leaving it a ſingle day; yet I cannot help ſtill accoſting my friends, upon their firſt arrival from the country, with the uſual queſtion at this time of the year, "Well, ſir, what brings you to town?"

The

The anſwer has always varied according to the circumſtances of the perſon aſked: "To ſee the new bridge; "to put a ſon to Weſtminſter; the inns of court; "the army, &c. To hear the new opera; to look "out for a wife; to be in fortune's way at the drawing "of the lottery; to print a ſermon; a novel; the ſtate "of the nation, &c. &c. To kiſs hands for an em-"ployment; to be elected fellow of the Royal Society; "to conſult doctor Ward; to be witneſs for Mrs. "Squires." In ſhort, the reaſons given are infinite, and I am afraid the detail has been already tedious. But I muſt obſerve, that the moſt general motive of the men has been to buy ſomething they wanted, and of the ladies to buy ſomething they did not want.

THIS year, indeed, that general reaſon has given place to another, which is not only general but univerſal: for now, aſk whom you will what he is come up for, he draws up all his muſcles into a moſt devout gravity, and with an important ſolemnity anſwers you, "To "repeal the Jew bill." This religious anxiety brings to my mind the political zeal, no leſs warm or univerſal, in the year ten. I remember I then met with a Welch collier who aſked me for a halfpenny, telling me he was ſtarving here, as were his wife and children two hundred miles off. As I knew him by his dialect to be of a good family, I expreſſed to him my ſurpriſe that he ſhould leave his Principality to come into a country where they paid ſo little regard to the antiquity of his houſe, or the length of his pedigree; and deſired that he would tell me why he came to London. He immediately ſwelled with all the pride of his anceſtors, put his arms a kimbow, and anſwered, "To pull down "the French king."

BUT

BUT the worſt reaſon for coming to London that I ever heard in my life, was given me laſt night at a viſit by a young lady of the moſt graceful figure I ever beheld; it was, "To have her ſhape altered to the modern faſhion." That is to ſay, to have her breaſts compreſſed by a flat, ſtrait line, which is to extend croſswiſe from ſhoulder to ſhoulder, and alſo to deſcend, ſtill in a ſtrait line, in ſuch a manner, that you ſhall not be able to pronounce what it is that prevents the uſual tapering of the waiſt. I proteſt, when I ſaw the beautiful figure that was to be ſo deformed by the ſtaymaker, I was as much ſhocked, as if I had been told that ſhe was come to deliver up thoſe animated KNOWLS of beauty to the ſurgeon——I borrow my terms from gardening, which now indeed furniſhes the moſt pregnant and exalted expreſſions of any ſcience in being——And this brings to my mind the only inſtance that can give an adequate idea of my concern. Let us ſuppoſe that Mr. Browne ſhould, in any one of the many Elyſiums he has made, ſee the old terraſſes riſe again and maſk his undulating knowls, or ſtrait rows of cut trees obſcure his nobleſt configurations of ſcenery. When lord Burlington ſaw the rebuilding of St. Paul's by Sir C. Wren, the remembrance of the front which had been deſtroyed, and his partiality to the work of his admired Inigo Jones, drew from him the following citation. "When the jews ſaw the ſecond temple they wept." I own (though no jew) I did the ſame, when I heard that the moſt beauteous remain of nature's architecture was ſo ſoon to be deſtroyed; and could not help reciting thoſe once admired lines in the Henry and Emma,

No longer ſhall the BODDICE, *aptly lac'd*;
From thy FULL BOSOM *to thy* SLENDER WAIST,

That

That air and HARMONY *of* SHAPE *expreſs,*
FINE *by* DEGREES, *and* BEAUTIFULLY LESS;

——————*An horſeman's coat ſhall hide,*
Thy TAPER *ſhape and* COMELINESS *of* SIDE.

Obſerve the force of every word; and as a teſtimony that this excellent writer was peculiarly happy in the expreſſion, COMELINESS of SIDE, the niceſt obſerver of our times, who is now publiſhing a moſt rational Analyſis of Beauty, has choſen for the principal illuſtration of it, a pair of ſtays, ſuch as would fit the ſhape deſcribed by the judicious poet; and has alſo ſhewn by drawings of other ſtays, that every minute deviation from the firſt pattern is a diminution of beauty, and every groſſer alteration a deformity.

I HEAR an ingenious gentleman is going within theſe few days to publiſh a treatiſe on Deformity. If he mean artificial as well as natural deformity, he may make his work as voluminous as he pleaſes. A few books of travels will furniſh him with abundant inſtances of head-moulders, face-ſqueezers, noſe-parers, ear-ſtretchers, eye-painters, lip-borers, tooth-ſtainers, breaſt-cutters, foot-ſwathers, &c. &c. all modelled by faſhion, none by taſte. Whenever taſte or ſenſe ſhall interpoſe to amend by a ſlight improvement, the mere deficiencies in the human figure, we may ſee by a ſingle inſtance how it is likely to be received.

A COUNTRY family, whoſe *reaſon for coming to London* was to have their pictures drawn, and principally that of the hopeful heir, brought him to Sir Godfrey Kneller. That ſkillful artiſt, ſoon diſcovering that a little converſe with the world might, one day or other, wear off the block which to a common obſerver obſcured

obſcured the man, inſtead of drawing him in a green coat with ſpaniels; or, in the more contemptible livery of a fop, playing with a lap-dog,

Os homini ſublime dedit.

He gave him a ſoul darting with a proper ſpirit through the ruſticity of his features. I met the mother and ſiſters coming down ſtairs the day it was finiſhed, and I found Sir Godfrey in a moſt violent rage above. "Look "there," ſays he, pointing to the picture, "There is "a fellow! I have put ſome ſenſe in him, and none of "his family know him."

SIR Godfrey's conſciouſneſs of his own ſkill was ſo well known, that it expoſed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits his friends. Pope to play him off, ſaid to him, after looking round a room full of beauties that he had painted, "It is pity Sir "Godfrey, that YOU had not been conſulted at the "creation." Sir Godfrey threw his eyes ſtrong upon Pope's ſhoulders and anſwered, "Really, I ſhould have "made SOME things better." But the puniſhment for this profaneneſs purſued our Wit ſtill further.

IT is remarkable that the expletive Mr. Pope generally uſed by way of oath, was, "God mend me!" One day, in a diſpute with a hackney coachman, he uſed this expreſſion.——"Mend YOU! ſays the coachman, it "would not be half the trouble to make a new one." If it may be allowable to draw a moral reflection from a ludicrous ſtory, I could heartily wiſh the ladies would, every morning, ſeriouſly addreſs to their maker this invocation of Mr. Pope; and after devout meditation, on the divine patronage to which they have recommeded their charms, apply themſelves properly to purſue all human means for the due accompliſhment of their pray-

er,